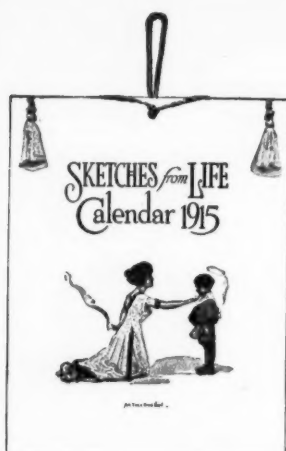


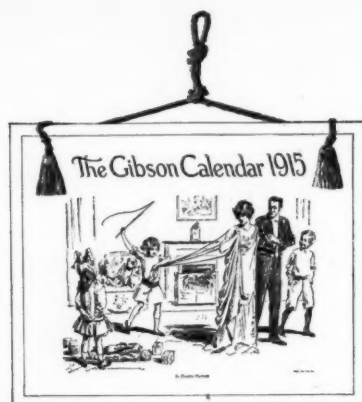


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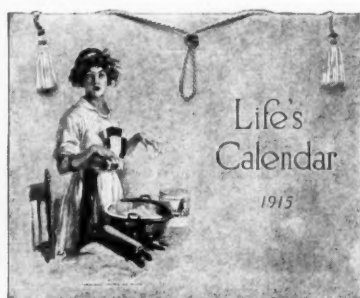
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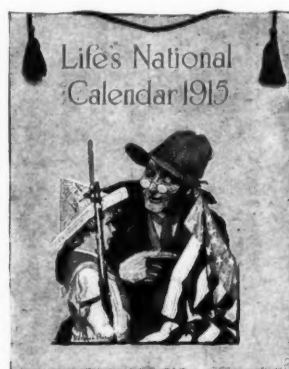
"Sketches from Life" Calendar



The Gibson Calendar



Life's Calendar



Life's National Calendar

Life
Calendars
for 1915
are now ready

Time Is Fleeting

This means that, if you want any of the Life calendars this year, you should take time by the forelock.

These calendars sell rapidly. This is the first announcement that they are ready.

We know a man who has for years made a practice of sending them, as they are issued each year, to a list of friends as a Christmas remembrance. Each calendar contains just the right combination of good cheer and thought to make the ideal Christmas gift.

Besides, it is with your friend during the year.
Saves time.

Address,

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.
17 West 31st Street
New York

What They Cost to You

Each calendar comes in a wrapper, tied with a silk cord and tassel, and put in an art box. Size of calendar, 12 x 15 inches.

Printed on heavy coated stock, every picture can be taken out of the calendar and framed separately.

Each calendar \$1.25 net.

Sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

The Wonderful Truth

IT was at the close of a beautiful day in the slums. The rays of the setting sun illumined the chimney-pots as the man who was out of a job entered his two-room mansion on the tenth floor and merrily greeted his wife and five children.

"Any luck, Jim?" asked the wife.

Jim smiled.

"Haven't you heard?" he replied gaily.

"You haven't got work, have you?"

Jim laughed.

"Work, is it?" he replied. "Sure, we won't have to work any more."

"What do you mean?"

Jim put his hand in his pocket, took out his pipe and then, recalling the purely incidental fact that he had no tobacco, returned it and grinned complacently.

"Sure, Mary," he said, "you're way behind the times. Didn't you know that this whole country from East to West and from North to South has now, as me beloved boss would say if he was employin' me, entered upon a blessed new era? I'm proud to tell ye, Mary, that there'll be no more trouble. We may be starving, but who cares? The new Federal Reserve Act, I see by the papers, is now the law of the land. Nothing can happen to us now, Mary. By the grand help of Mr. Warburg and Mr. McAdoo and some of the noblest bankers God ever made, we're all right, Mary. We may not think it, but we are."

"Jim, are ye mad?"

"Mad, is it?"

The man out of a job once more reached into his pocket and pulled out the torn page of a great newspaper, which contained two solid columns of extracts from leading editorials, all hailing the dawn of a new financial day.

"Mad, is it?" he repeated. "Now will ye believe me?"

HOLIDAY CHEER FOR EVERYBODY

is found in a barrel containing
10 dozen bottles of good old

Evans' Ale

IT makes a Gift that confers lasting benefit and brings out all the good cheer and good fellowship of the season. The practical means of doing good as well as wishing it. Promotes fireside comfort and kindly remembrance and appreciation.

Nearest Dealer or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



California Expositions

Pave the way for the happiest, healthiest, most satisfying trip you have ever known by writing today for a reservation on one of our luxuriously appointed

Southern Pacific Steamships New York to New Orleans

Privilege of ample stop-over in this fascinating Southern City, with its quaint and interesting ways and by-ways; or you can step from your steamer to the

Sunset Limited

Every Day in the Year—No Extra Fare

New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco

Oil burning locomotives, permitting open windows all the way. Automatic electric block signals. Through Dining and Observation Cars. Write for full information and literature.

L. H. NUTTING, General Passenger Agent

1158 Broadway, at 27th Street 366 Broadway, at Franklin Street 39 Broadway, near Wall Street
NEW YORK CITY



STOCK QUOTATION
U. S. PREFERRED



This is a miniature reproduction of the card which may be sent to every one of your friends you wish remembered, to be received on or before Christmas morning. All you do is to send us the money—rates of payment in coupon on this page. An equally attractive card is sent with three months' subscriptions.

Obey That Impulse

"WHERE LOVE IS,
HANDSOME PREMIUM PICTURE
IN COLORS GIVEN WITH EACH
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

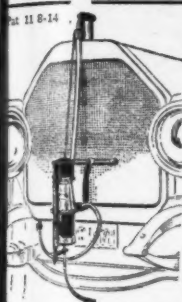
Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York 74

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

KEEP YOUR MOTOR WARM

Pat. 11 8-14



The Neverout

Direct Heating System

For heating the water circulating system of an automobile independent of the motor.

The only practical and economical method for keeping the motor warm in cold weather.

Increases the efficiency of the motor 50%.

The Neverout Radiator and Garage Heater—applies the heat directly where required—no waste; uses city gas (protected by gauze like miner's safety lamp) or electricity.

IT SOLVES THE COLD GARAGE PROBLEM

Neat and compact, hangs on garage wall when not in use. Was a phenomenal success last winter. Enjoy your car this winter.

See our Exhibit at New York and Chicago Auto Shows

Descriptive literature mailed on request.

ROSE MFG. CO., 902 Arch St., PHILA.
Makers of the well-known Neverout Lamps

A Bull-Moose Elegy

THE curfew tolls the knell of Oyster Bay,
The blowing Moose no longer can agree,
The Colonel homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves New York to Whitman and to me.

Now fades the nomination from his sight,
And all the States a solemn stillness hold,
Save where Hi Johnson made a winning fight,
Although he left poor Heney in the cold.

The boasts of Theodore, his lust for power
And all that Perkins from his wealth e'er gave
Await alike the inevitable hour;
Third party movements lead but to the grave.

The applause of listening Senates to command,
Complaints of pain and ruin to despise,
To gather plenty from a smiling land
And give this simple nation a surprise,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their vaunted virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade when asked for bread to give a stone,
The while they talked reform for all mankind.

For office to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of war did ne'er unroll.

Chill penury will now repress their rage

And freeze the genial current of their soul.

But who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,

Gave up the White House for an Oyster Bay

Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

Alas, in this neglected spot is laid

A heart once pregnant with Progressive fire;

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed

Or raked in ecstasy some wilful liar.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect

Some frail memorial is erected nigh,
With uncouth names and ten commandments decked

And deeply graved thereon the letter "I".

Roy Jones.



Giving Him a Smile

ACH! 'tis the cockles o' yer heart she's after warmin', Mr. Potential Ward Boss. And bless yer lovin' sowl, 'tis the rare wise 'un, she is, and knowin' the way to a mon's affections.

When you want a real drink ask for

Old Saratoga
EXTRA FINE
WHISKEY

and then make sure you get it.

If your dealer hasn't Old Saratoga in stock, send us six dollars and we will see that you get at once four full quarts, all charges paid.

Roskam, Gerstley & Co., Philadelphia

Emery's
The
Guaranteed
Shirt

Fast colors, correct fit and satisfactory wear, not only claimed, but **GUARANTEED**. It pays to look for **Emery** when you buy shirts.

Write for "Ethics of a Gentleman's Dress" and Catalog of Emery Shirts

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Philadelphia
Offices—also: New York, Chicago, St. Louis

A Wrong Diagnosis?

REFERRING to an idea recently emphasized by a modern essayist that the basis of true marriage must be sought in friendship, a writer in the *Minneapolis Journal* says:

In this view, marriage, to be accounted successful, must be based on something more than sex, for there is no sex in friendship.

Our friend is evidently unaware of the modern scientific belief, the chief exponent of which was Otto Weininger, that friendship is only a modified form of sex. Tissues are either male or female. Every man is part feminine. Every woman is part masculine. Opposites attract. Marriage, along this spectroscopic of feminine vibratory compensations, is only an incident.

Hatred and War

PEOPLE often fight without hatred out of the necessity of the case, to defend their personality. So fight husband and wife, parent and child, often with an indestructible fidelity and affection underlying their quarrels.

So also, sometimes, fight nations, not out of hatred, but out of their national necessities, and because they can hit on no other way of adjustment.

Fighting, to be sure, is apt to breed intense animosities, but they are due more to atrocities, reprisals and hard exactions following war than to mere blows and martial killing.



Excess Value in Abundance

The only ordinary thing about the 1915 Overland is the price.

In every other respect it is an extraordinary value.

The large tires—34 inch x 4 inch—are unusual.

So is the convenient arrangement of the electric controls.

The switches are on the steering column—right where you want them.

There is a high tension magneto.

Many cars have only cheaper and ordinary battery systems, but the Overland, like all the high priced cars, has the finest high tension magneto.

To be sure, other cars probably have some of these features, but only those cars which sell for very much more money.

In the Overland you get the latest things and best of everything at an exceptionally moderate price.

Look up the Overland dealer in your town. Catalogue on request. Please address department 16.

Overland Model 80 T - - - - \$1075
Overland Model 80 R - - - - \$1050
Overland Model 80 Coupe - - - - \$1600

Overland Model 81 T - - - - \$850
Overland Model 81 R - - - - \$795
Six Cylinder Model 82 - - - - \$1475

All prices f. o. b. Toledo

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



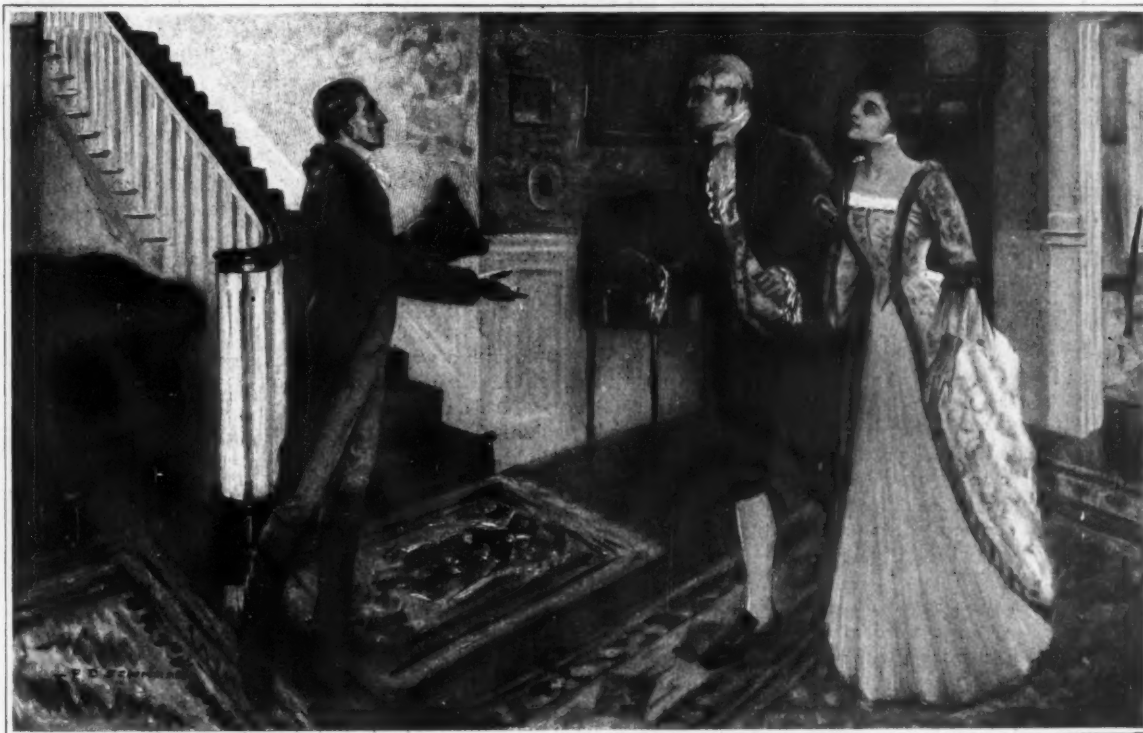


Belgium—1914

TO save her king, Kate Barlass thrust her arm
Through empty staples 'gainst the murderous band:
So Belgium kissed her sword-cross, took her stand;
Her heart unruffled by war's dread alarm,
Firm in her right and in her honor calm,
To fend the War Lord's mailed hand
Stretched out to wreck the lovely land

And make a nightmare of its light and charm.
The whole world longs to bind thy wounds,
Sad Nation, struggling o'er the endless road;
The sour smoke curling from thy fair abode;
Thy children's laughter turned to piteous sounds.
Thy dark hour passes! 'Tis thy glorious fate
To prove the grandeur of the smallest State.

J. T. W.

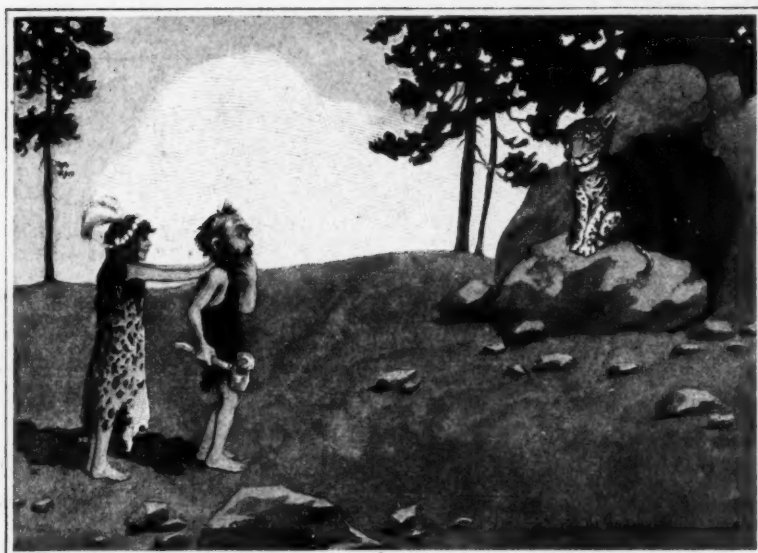


General Lafayette: SORRY TO GO, BUT IF I KEEP UP WITH FUTURE HISTORY I MUST SLEEP AT EIGHT MORE HOUSES THIS WEEK

The War and Religious Unity

THERE are those whose interest in the war vents itself entirely in disapprobation, and contrivance of means to stop it, and there are others whose dismay is all but overcome by their interest in what it will do to the world. The first want peace, no matter what. The latter, seeing that destruction has gone so far, are for having a sufficiently thorough job done to put to rights the chief things that are amiss with Europe, and incidentally with the rest of the world. They don't want so much war wasted. They want the world to be definitely better for the immense suffering now going on and the immense sacrifices now being made. These people do not think overmuch who is right or who is wrong. They see now in the war an immense convulsion breaking down old divisions, political and social, destroying edifices of all sorts, and filling the world with material for new construction. They bear the smash with patience, because of the intense anticipation with which they look ahead. Some of them are ready to ride on this great wave the whole distance to the millennium.

No doubt they won't. The millennium will probably keep up its reputation of being a receding festival, but a lot is happening, and a lot will come of it, and the people who dream dreams and see visions about it are timely, at least, in their hospitality to such exercises. Ferrero says the war may recreate the mind of the world. That would mean that all sorts of people would get new views of all sorts of subjects, and a new attitude to questions they had supposed were impossible of settlement or disposed of. There seems to be more to this war than politics; more than geography or commerce; more than to see whether England or Germany is to lead the world; more than the progress of Russia to civilization and Constantinople; more than the ampli-



"OH, JOHN, HOW LUCKY! I NEED JUST THREE YARDS MORE TO FINISH THIS GOWN"

fication of the influence or prosperity of the United States. It may be the point of a new departure in the relations of men; a huge world-change out of which are to proceed new conceptions of duty, of profit, of individual success. And there may easily come out of it an immense revival of interest in religion.

This last possibility is in many people's minds. This war has stunned a good many people. They think it is not a Christian exercise, and they ask themselves what Christianity has been about—what good it is—if such a war can tear up the most Christianized continent on the globe. Whole pages of letters appear in some of the newspapers—as the *Evening Sun*—wherein the writers discuss whether faith is dead. A large majority of them say No, but the flood of letters shows the rising interest in the discussion.

Now, this war is not in any large detail of it a religious dispute. Perhaps it is a war for commercial supremacy, but it is certainly not a war for religious supremacy. Catholics, Protestants, Russian-churchmen, Buddhists, Mohammedans, pagans and miscellaneous sinners are all mixed up in it. A holy war has been proclaimed

to the Mohammedans, but the proclamation doesn't seem to take. It isn't a fight about religion, and it declines to become one. That makes more interesting the suggestion that some minds entertain, that out of the ruins of what has been established may spring up for the Christian peoples some workable contrivance of religious unity.

Of course church unity has long been talked about, and, of course, to that Tipperary the way looks very long; but the time for rebuilding is after an earthquake, and if this present European earthquake goes on long enough, the reconstruction that will follow is likely to be proportionate to the destruction that will have been done. To peoples and churches desperately shaken and looking for a fellowship that shall help to insure them against a recurrence of like disasters, readjustments and conciliations are possible that could not be considered by prosperous, going concerns. If this is "the great day of the Lord", as the militant Bishop of London has said it is, a lot of things may be coming on the ticker-tape besides the fluctuations in the price of stocks.

E. S. Martin.



Mother: HAS MR. DANGLE PROPOSED YET?

Daughter: HE'S ABOUT HALF THROUGH, BUT HE HAS THE HICCOUGHS, AND I TOLD HIM NOT TO MOVE WHILE I WENT FOR THIS GLASS OF WATER. IF HE GOT UP HE MIGHT NEVER GET TO THE POINT AGAIN.

Not Germany

WHO first put steam to ship and car
And conquered space on land and sea?
Who cabled thought through oceans far?

Not Germany.

Who first trapped microbes under glass,
Man's ambushed, deadliest enemy,
And bade foul plagues forever pass?

Not Germany.

Who from Daguerre his fame can steal?
Who finished for the world to see
"La bicyclette", "l'automobile"?

Not Germany.

Who set the wheel where woman spun
To million-fold machinery?
And what proud land bore Edison?

Not Germany.

Who laid on pain deep sleep and dark
To still life's utmost agony?

Who flashed world-o'er the wireless
spark?

Not Germany.

Who first like eagle rode the air,
Columbus of that vaster sea?
Who first to earth's twin poles did fare?

Not Germany.

But higher yet! what lands display
Darwin's supreme discovery,
The Curies, Lyell, Faraday?

Not Germany.

Who broke th' hereditary throne
Of kings, and set great peoples free?
What land to-day is freedom's own?

Not Germany.

Go, Teuton boaster! Humbly scan
What gifts thy peers have heaped on
thee.

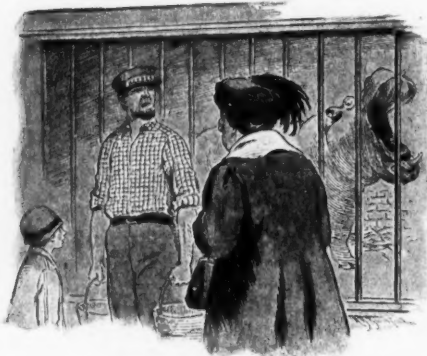
Art's triumphs were achieved by Man—
Not Germany.

Theodore C. Williams.



THE NEW OPERA FROCKS

(TO BE EN RÈGLE THIS SEASON GOWNS MUST ACCORD WITH THE MUSIC)



"IS THIS ANIMAL AMPHIBIOUS?"
"AMPHIBIOUS AS HELL, MA'AM. HE
WUD BITE YOU IN A MINUTE."

Is a Crisis Approaching?

EMERGENCY literature should be our next consideration.

For instance, how can we bolster up our minds when there is a sudden shortage in trashy novels?

When people begin, through absurd fear, to hoard up trashy novels, a mental panic is likely to follow at any moment.

The same thing is true of other forms of literature. At times, through a quite natural anxiety that we may run out of humor, everybody stops being humorous.

At the basis of our mental prosperity, as every discerning student knows, are trashy novels and various other forms of hack writing. Something ought to be done to preserve the literary *status quo*.

There are some who contend that as long as we are on, practically, a yellow-journal basis, this ought to be enough. But is it?

Certainly our literature should be elastic enough to include, not only yellow journals, comic sections and ten-cent magazines, but also bobbsmerilliana and other forms of bestsellophobia.



THE MASCOT

Our Personal Column

(If War Were Individual and Local.)

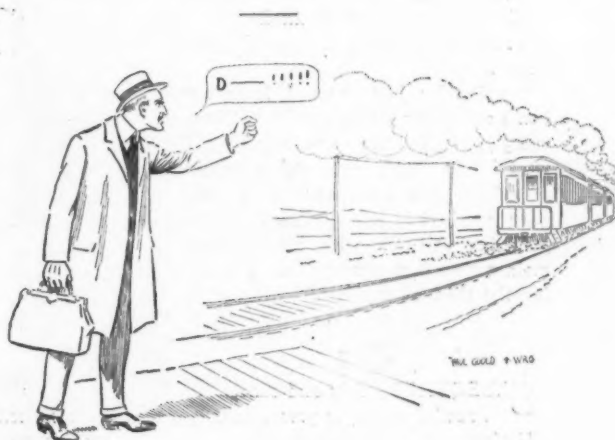
JOHN ROBINSON'S eldest son, Jack, broke into the church last Thursday and smashed the cut-glass windows and ripped the gold off the altar. His father has presented him with a silver cup in honor of his bravery.

Our popular Mayor beat his next-door neighbor's wife into insensibility with a club yesterday, because she remonstrated with him about his chickens getting into her garden. The affair was personally conducted in the presence of a large crowd. This adds greatly to His Honor's prestige.

In the Sunday-school last week the following prayer was given out, as being appropriate for all children to recite nightly at their mother's knee: "Oh, God, teach me to hate, revile and spy upon my neighbor. To scratch and bite and destroy wherever I can, and not to let anyone else have any other God but Thee. Amen."

Johnnie Smith, son of our leading banker, cut off his sister's hands with an axe yesterday. He gave as an excuse that when she grew up she might do something useful of which he didn't approve.

PAYTON: Are all his children bright?
PARKER: No; one's level-headed.



JUST A WORD AT PARTING

Awake, Woman! Arise!



FRANCIS GRIERSON, in the *International*, declares that the movement for woman suffrage means the psychological awakening of women, which means, of course, that woman, since somewhere around about the year one, has been indulging in one long psychological slumber.

This will come as a pleasant bit of news to millions of women everywhere, to those who are still asleep, as well as to those who are up and doing. They will be glad to know that their mothers and their foremothers and their ante-foremothers, throughout the plodding centuries, have been psychologically unconscious, which is a pretty high grade of unconsciousness, only waiting, like the fabled Sleeping Beauty, to be awakened, not by the Prince, but by the Princesses of Twentieth-Century Feminism, and not with a kiss—heaven preserve us from such unregenerate sentimentality!—but with a vote.

Ring out, wild belles! Those of you who are already awake, bestir yourselves and carry the message to the rest of slumbering womankind.

"YOUNG Mr. Goodleigh is a true Christian," said the deacon's wife.

"I guess that's right," replied the deacon. "He has gone to the Sunday-school picnic three years in succession."

Liberty

A SMALL boy went up to the soda-water clerk and said:

"Give me a ptomaine cocktail."

"What's that?"

"I want a ptomaine cocktail."

"That's a new one on me. Explain what it is."

"Well, I've just escaped from my home and I can do what I like. Now, every time I have seen anything I particularly liked, my mother would say, 'No, you can't have that. It's got ptomaines in it.' And so I want a ptomaine cocktail, with all the ptomaines you can squeeze in. I'm out for the time of my life."

Spug

SELECTING safely and sanely.

Practicing proper presenting.

Urging united usefulness.

Guarding 'gains' gaudy gewgaws.



IN THE WRONG CHIMNEY

Here

Where did Dr. Sigismund Schulz Goldwater get his ideas on dogs?

Did they come with him from his native land?

They certainly are not American.

—LIFE, November 26.

EDITOR LIFE:

Poor old chap! I'm so sorry to spoil your fun—you have so little of it nowadays. The fact is, however, that I was born in New York.

Yours truly,

S. S. GOLDWATER.

NEW YORK,
November 28, 1914.

GLAD to hear it, Doctor, but your ideas on dogs—certainly they are not natives of New York. Neither will they thrive here, nor have they thriven except in German cities.

GOD is no respecter of countries.



PURRBOIL

"OH, MAMMA, SEE THE
POOR LITTLE KITTEN I FOUND,
AND IT'S BOILING!"

For the Sufferers

THE contributions acknowledged below are those received at LIFE office inclusive of December 11th:

Previously acknowledged	\$2,873.02
Col. Wilhelm Hohenzollern, New York City	20.00
Anti-Hun, New York City	25.00
Kitty Columbine, New York City ..	2.30
H. W. G., Stamford, Conn.	20.00
Kate Van Wagenen, New York City ..	10.00
Brian Boru Dunne, Santa Fé, N. M. ..	1.00
Cash, Steubenville, O.	5.00
Mrs. Chas. Stewart, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio	5.00
Terry Smith, Eagle Pass, Tex.	1.00
K. M. C., Kimball, Nebr.	1.00
Anonymous, St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
H. F. C., Trenton, N. J.	2.00
Mrs. W. C. Griggs's Little Sunday-school Girls, Orange, Tex.	6.30
Wm. Kohman, Galveston, Tex.	5.00
Lieut. Fleet, Nineteenth U. S. Inf. ..	5.00
A. and E. P., Benavon, Pa.	5.00
Anonymous, Jamestown, N. Y.	5.00
E. H. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.	3.00
C. D. W., Cambridge, Mass.	200.00
T. E. Lynds, Long Beach, Cal.	10.00
Anonymous, Clay Center, Kans.	1.00
Mrs. Henry A. Kimball, Concord, N. H.	10.00
Wm. O. Morse, New York City.	25.00
Amy H. Marvin, New Preston, Conn.	2.00
H. S. Eaton, Westfield, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. F. B. Upham, Boston, Mass.	100.00
K. W. & H., Cincinnati, O.	15.00

\$3,372.62

We have also received packages of clothing and knit goods from Mary L. Weise, East Gloucester, Mass., and Mrs. R. R. Thacher, Dayton, Tenn.

The fund is also indebted to the H. B. Claflin Company, New York City, for special discounts on purchases and for assistance in making shipments. Also to the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique for free transportation of shipments to France.

Small packages for the sufferers in the vicinity of Dinard may be sent to Mr. George Stuart Smith, 18 Broadway, New York City, who will combine them into larger packages for shipment.

Bulky shipments intended for Dinard may be sent to the French Line, Pier 57, North River, New York City. These should be marked "Secours National" and addressed to Le Comité de l'Oeuvre des Belges, Dinard, Ille-et-Vilaine, France. Similar shipments addressed to the American Committee for the Belgian Sufferers, Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, N. Y., will be delivered and distributed in Belgium.

One of the contributors to LIFE's fund for the war sufferers, himself of German descent and bearing a German name, suggests that contributions to the fund by Germans who do not approve of the way the Germans have treated Belgium is an effective and useful way for Germans in America



AMONG THE MISSING

to show their pity and to register a protest. We do not expect any large number of contributions inspired by this motive, but they would be accepted and sent where they would do good.

LIFE is trying to bestow this relief from its readers on non-combatants, suffering women, children and aged persons, who, without fault of their own, have been driven from their

homes and their possessions destroyed, especially the clothing needed to protect them from the cold of winter. No contribution is too small to provide comfort of this kind.

"I SUPPOSE the price of New England pies will go up, won't it?"

"Yes. I believe the war affects hardware in all its various forms."



He: WOMEN ARE ALL ALIKE!

A Christmas Carol

TWIDDLE—DE—DUM,
Twiddle—dum—de,
Playing the game of Expectancy,
Under the glare of the Christmas tree,
Blending of craft and philanthropy,
Marvelous game of humanity,
Twiddle—de—dum,
Twiddle—dum—de.

Twiddle—de—dum,
Twiddle—dum—de,
The rules are as simple—just listen
and see;
The gift you receive should be worth
about three
Of the one you bestow upon—possibly
me,
Annually tempting the powers that be;
Twiddle—de—dum,
Twiddle—dum—de.

"Cheap Claptrap About Brokers"

WHAT a sweet, simple nature has our good neighbor, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*! Here it is telling us what a great financial crisis we have passed, and how well we have come through it, and how much we owe to the bankers for their efforts, and how thankful we should be to the brokers, who, though their business is to buy and sell for others, put aside in the public interest their whole means of livelihood for four entire months. The *Ledger* says:

Had the exchanges remained open the desire of Europe to sell would have made the stock-market business

of brokers far heavier than it had been for years. These profitable transactions were barred out by the brokers themselves. One result, therefore, of this remarkable proceeding ought to be to banish forever the cheap claptrap about brokers and private bankers which holds them up as wolves who prey upon innocent victims.

The bankers have done well; the brokers have done nobly; give them all praise. But, dear comrade, don't you think that if the stock exchanges hadn't shut down, about nine out of ten active brokers would have gone bust? If stocks had slammed down thirty or forty points, or more, all around, as was expected, customers

would have been wiped out, brokers couldn't have got their money, and they would all have gone by the board together.

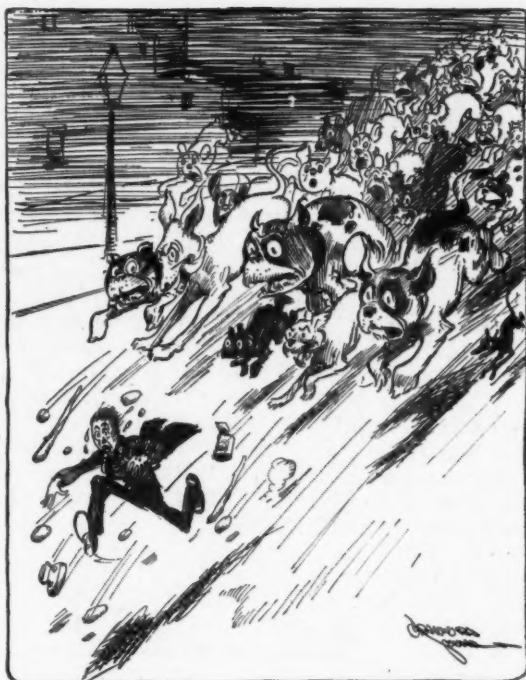
The brokers did right, but they were not the pure altruists you make them out. When the cartload of "cheap claptrap about brokers" passes your place on the way to the dump, chuck yours in with the rest.

PAYTON: Why don't you go to church?

PARKER: Well, just while this war lasts I don't want to be taken for a Christian.



PROFESSOR DEEPTHYNER, THE CELEBRATED SCIENTIST WHO DISCOVERED A MEANS FOR OVERCOMING THE LAWS OF GRAVITY, IS QUITE ABSENT-MINDED



MAD-MAN SCARE IN DOGVILLE

"MOTHER, where are Helicon and Parnassus?"
"Ask your father, Johnnie. He keeps up with the war news."



Ladybug: THESE SELF-REDUCING CORSETS LOOKED SO WELL ON MADAM WASP THAT I LET HER SELL ME A PAIR. I BEGIN TO THINK THAT SHE HAS STUNG ME!



HIS BETTER HALF

No Bed of Roses

SPEAKING of Sing Sing Prison, says Bishop Greer:

Here crime is conceived, here it breeds, and here it is fostered and developed. The prisoner sent to this place comes forth a hardened criminal.

Conan Doyle, on a visit just before the war broke out, declared that Sing Sing ought to be burned to the ground. Others have denounced it from time to time. Newspapers have exposed it. Now a new man, Penologist Osborne, has been appointed to correct its badness. We predict that, as good as he is, he will not succeed.

Why should Sing Sing be any different from what it is? Who ever heard of anyone trying to reconstruct an atmosphere by trying to make over a barometer? Sing Sing, like all prisons, is only a barometer of social conditions.

Holy

WE cannot but regard the position taken by the English Government in its war against Turkey not to include the holy places in the Turkish Empire as highly significant. It assures, at least for the future, the protection of all holy places in each country from violation, at least so far as the Allies are concerned. We wish that Germany would join. Then, in case we are invaded by any foreign power, we shall know that the offices of the Standard Oil Company and the Stock Exchange will come to no harm.



DECEMBER 24, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE war has got to a pass where we can keep one eye on home affairs again.

The House of Representatives is advertised to consider on December 22d, and vote on, the Hobson national prohibition amendment to the Constitution, and immediately afterwards to take up the woman suffrage amendment. The national prohibition amendment is entitled to eight hours of debate, the other to six hours, so that the sentiment of the House on both of these measures is likely to be taken before the Christmas recess.

Citizens whose apprehensions are stirred by the imminence of a vote on national prohibition, and who may incline to get together what grog they can for partial liquidation of a dry future, may calm their fears as yet. Since the coming bill proposes an amendment to the Constitution, it will take a two-thirds majority to pass it, and confidence is strong among the mind-readers of Congress that it will not be passed. If it should pass, it must still go to the States for ratification, and that would take a year. In that space wet citizens who have a reasonable command of capital and storage facilities could lay by enough rum to last them out. Indeed, there are those who suggest that the underlying purpose of this national prohibition agitation just now is to facilitate the transfer of distillery products from bonded warehouses to private cellars.

This world is now in a condition where nothing that happens anywhere should surprise anyone, and the chance

of its going to general smash is bright enough to make us unusually callous about details; nevertheless, we confess to astonishment at the number of men of good intelligence who are prophesying the speedy coming of national prohibition and at the confidence with which they expect it. Mr. Hobson's bill provides to prohibit the manufacture, sale and importation of all intoxicating beverages. It would mop us up at least as clean as the Czar's anti-vodka ukase has mopped up Russia. But Russia in due time will doubtless come back to some form of restricted sale of some kinds of intoxicants, and our country, if it ever accepts national prohibition, may be expected to do the same. Possibly as the millennium approaches, the drink laws will get to make such a distinction as so many consumers already make between the juice of the grape and the juice of the distillery. The vineyard was an old resident of earth when the distillery was invented, and it may still abide after the distillery has been sped away.



WE are too prone to get nervous about reforms, and fear they will be overdone and make us uncomfortable or unhappy. Let us be tranquil. In most of the innovations that are suggested the possibilities of entertainment almost outweigh the probabilities of discomfort. There would be so many excitements about national pro-

hibition, and such a row, and so many curious results and side compensations, that one almost sorrows that Brother Hobson's bill hasn't a better chance to go through. And the same with the national woman suffrage amendment. They say that can't pass, either.

The great objection to reform by amendment of the national Constitution is that different parts of our country are in different stages of development, and when the more emotional and simple-living districts force great social changes on the more sophisticated districts, it makes for hardship and discontent. The real purpose of Hobson's bill and the national suffrage bill is to force suffrage and prohibition on States that as yet do not want those benefits.



THE *Evening Post* has been able to include Miss Jane Addams in the list of ladies and gentlemen "who would discourage agitation at this time for increased military preparation on the part of this country". Miss Addams is "not in favor of preparedness". She is satisfied with our present army and navy, and apparently indifferent whether we have enough powder or not. She points out that Germany was prepared for war and got into trouble. She would not have the United States build up a great army and navy just as Hamilton Holt's plan for legal peace is about to go through and international disputes will be settled by interparliamentarian courts and an international navy will police the seas.

No; not. Moreover, Miss Addams says:

The fear of war being manifested in the United States is a part of the reflex action of the war in Europe. The enormity of the war has driven the sane views of militarism from the public mind. Viewpoints are distorted.

All war will in time be eliminated except among savage tribes. Future generations will put it in the same class with pestilence and plague. Nations will settle international matters by bargaining with each other, just as cities now bargain.



"I HAFF DER HONOR TO ANNOUNCE, CHENERAL, DOT WE HAFF BLOWN UP A NURSERY, KILLING TWENTY-FIFE BABIES"
"GOOT! MAKE OUT A REPORT AND SAY DOT DER BABIES VOS OPERATING MACHINE-GUNS AGAINST US"

Lovely! Lovely! But perhaps over-sanguine. If these observations came from William II, or even the Crown Prince, or Lord Kitchener, or General Joffre, there would certainly be warrant for telegraphing them from Chicago and printing them on the front page of the *Evening Post* with four and a half inches of headlines at their top. Coming from Miss Addams, it would have been kinder of the *Post* to print them inside, with less spread, and where they would be more likely to escape the eagle scrutiny of Col. T. Roosevelt, Miss Addams's late leader in political combat. We believe Col. Roosevelt will agree with us that Miss Addams's remarks taste a little of the can, and that she has missed the point of the prevailing discussion. Perhaps the *Post* did not give her the right tip. What is mooted is not whether we shall have a three-power navy ("perhaps one greater than that of England or Germany", Miss Jane suggests) or a "great army" but whether we have on hand a safe minimum of military and naval junk and enough available military and

naval mechanics to work it. That is all the question there is. Mr. Gardner insists with loud and sometimes rude vehemence that we haven't. The *Post's* idea that there is a militarist plot afoot is just a Vesey Street nightmare.



THE President said in his message to Congress:

A powerful navy we have always regarded as our proper and natural means of defense. . . . Our ships are our natural bulwarks. . . .

From the first we have had a clear and settled policy with regard to military establishments. We never have had, and while we retain our present principles and ideals we never will have, a large standing army. If asked, Are you ready to defend yourselves? we reply, Most assuredly; to the utmost; and yet we shall not turn America into a military camp. . . . The only thing we can do (is) . . . to provide a system by which every citizen who will volunteer for the training may be made familiar with the use of modern arms, the rudiments of drill and manœuvre and the maintenance and sanitation of camps.

We should encourage such training . . . make it as attractive as possible, and so induce our young men to undergo it. . . . It is right, too, that the National Guard of the States should be developed and strengthened. . . . More than this carries with it a reversal of the whole history and character of our polity.

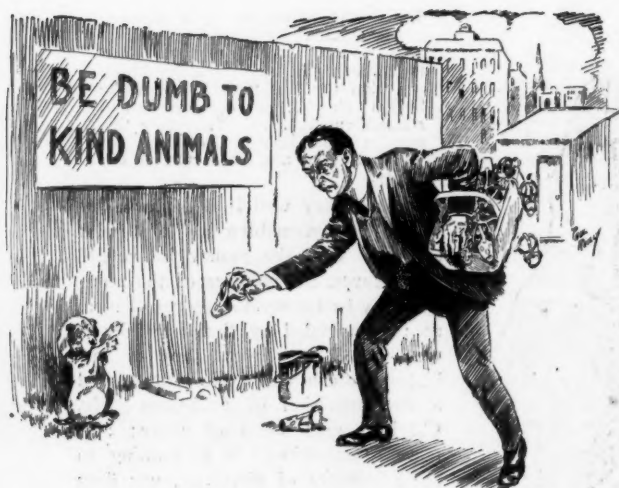
That is very well if it is done, but it will cost something to do it with success. Will the money be voted?

Moreover, the increase of the regular army by twenty-five thousand men, as recommended by Secretary Garrison, would not reverse any of our history or character. No more would a due provision of field-guns. Mr. Garrison says we need more; also more ammunition. It is nothing to the advantage of character, nor does it embellish history, to be short of powder when you want very urgently to shoot some off.

It is true that from the first we have had a policy about military establishments, and it is also true that we might have had a worse one than we did, but not without considerable effort. We have always been slack and had to scramble scandalously when we got into trouble. Of course we don't want a large standing army, but if, when asked if we are ready to defend ourselves, we reply, "Most assuredly; to the utmost", we are usually bluffing, for we are not ready by a jugful. We have had to fight from time to time, and we have never been anywhere near ready when the clock struck.

We do not want to be too ready. That would be worse than the way we have been used to manage. But we ought to make a decent approximation to readiness, especially in these days when there is so much military efficiency knocking around in the world.

There's nothing new in the idea that our war policy is shiftless. Everybody who knows about such things knows that. Mr. Root did as much to improve it as our numerous and pacific people would permit. It is better than it was, but not good enough yet, and this is a good time to stir about it, just as when the next village burns up is a good time for our village to cough up and buy a fire-engine. We can boost our precious military ideal an eighth of an inch without lifting the roof off of our national domicile.



DR. SIGISMUND SCHULZ GOLDWATER REARRANGES AN OLD
MAXIM

The Awful Power of Clothes

IT was that rare lull that, in some households and upon certain days, immediately succeeds the evening meal. Harold's papa, panoplied and accoutered in full evening regalia, and correspondingly uncomfortable, was uneasily smoking a cigarette. Mamma had disappeared upstairs to put the final touches on a *toilette* which her hairdresser, knowing that it was entirely unfitted to withstand the rigors of an evening of bridge and fox-trotting, had insisted was the only thing for her to wear.

Harold was correspondingly elated at the prospect of spending an evening alone, when he could, at his uninterrupted leisure, remove the machinery of the family clock into that of a new flying-machine which he had been surreptitiously creating.

Sympathetically noting his father's anguish, he said:

"Papa, why do people wear clothes?"

Harold's father regarded him ominously. He was on the point of saying, "God knows!" but checked himself in time.

"My boy," he said, solemnly, "men wear clothes because they have to; women because they have made the important discovery that in no other

way, in a given time, can they spend so much money."

"Oh, papa! I thought they did it to look nice and to capture the men. No, that isn't the word. I guess I mean captivate the men."

"Same thing, Harold; but I can assure you that your mother could cap-

tivate me at one-half of the price I am paying now."

Harold was thoughtful for a moment. Then he said:

"But, papa, perhaps she couldn't in the beginning if she hadn't. Maybe she had to dress up, just like you see all the young girls now—to get you.

Our Discriminating Red Cross

WHERE was the Red Cross during the recent Colorado war, which, as a matter of fact, is not yet concluded, for Federal troops are still in the district? Of course it was an amateur war, but it was waged with much vigor on both sides and a great deal of bloodshed and misery resulted, quite enough, we should think, to get the attention of at least a small corner of the Red Cross. But maybe the Red Cross is somewhat particular as to the kind of wars it associates with, and maybe the Colorado war was not quite respectable enough for it. Maybe such relatively small quantities of dead and wounded are beneath the notice of a mammoth organization with international influence. Maybe an organization that has real kings and real emperors on its visiting list can be excused from bothering with mere industrial kings and labor emperors. But if the Red Cross is going to pick out only the more glorified and high-toned affairs, we ought to know it, so that we can get up a Blue Cross or a Green Cross or a Pink Cross for local and internal application.



RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON



THE SILENT PARTNER

And she got the habit of doing it and now she can't stop."

"Harold, I am continually amazed at your remarkable precocity; at the same time, it only bears out the theory I have had for some time, that young people of your age are capable of fully understanding the thoughts of us elders and of expressing themselves intelligently if only some kind and self-sacrificing parent—er—gives them the opportunity. But in this instance, Harold, you are altogether wrong."

"I am so sorry to hear that, papa, but I cannot tell you how glad I am to think you are so kind and good and take such an interest in me as to give me the benefit of your wonderful experience——"

"Now, my boy, one moment. Let me caution you against using too many high-sounding phrases like that. Be simple, as I always endeavor to be. Let me, therefore, give you, in a few clear words, the truth. All women to-day spend twice as much as they ought on their clothes. Your mother is the victim of a senseless system, due to the spirit of national extravagance and fostered by cunning tradespeople. Your mother, I am sorry to say, my boy, hasn't control enough to fight against this awful tendency, which is slowly sapping away the life blood of this great nation, permeating with its insidious and baleful influence our family life and—what's that noise?"

"I think, papa, that it is mother turning out the lights upstairs. Yes, papa, that's her gown rustling."

"To be sure. As I was saying, Harold, when you interrupted me, and in spite of that, it is, as I regard it, every woman's sacred duty to keep herself well dressed. Only in this way can she maintain her freshness, her charm—just as your dear mother does. Ready, my dear?"

Tact?

JONES: Has she any tact?

BONES: Tact? She's the kind of woman who'd send a wrist-watch to the Venus of Milo for a Christmas present.

· L I E ·



The Man of the H

LIE.



e Man of the Hour



SPEND AND THE WORLD SPENDS WITH YOU—

BEG AND YOU BEG ALONE

An Open Letter to the Powers

AT THE SIGN OF THE DOLLAR, U. S. A.,
The Nations of Europe,
Dear Sirs:



REFERRING to the war which is going on among you, I desire to call your attention to the fact that I am losing a few dollars by it. I don't suppose you fully realized this when you started the trouble. Under these circumstances, it is a matter of great regret to me that you should continue this appalling conflict. I call your attention to the fact that I am—ahem!—strictly neutral, and that I have taken no actual part in the disturbance. Yet I have been placed at great inconvenience. I have had to call in some loans, close down some important industries, and have been forced to economize in many ways, and just at the time when, as a result of my own efforts, I ought to be enjoying myself.

I put it to you. Is this right? Is it not the height of injustice that I should be made to suffer by the loss of my dollars for something of which I am entirely innocent?

My feelings have also been considerably harrowed by the terrible suffering, and the dreadful spectacle of brother fighting brother, constantly before my eyes. This in itself has a strong tendency to keep me unfit for business, and I assure you, my friends, that when I am unfit for business I am utterly miserable. Now, don't think for a moment that I mind chipping in and helping you with clothes and doctors and nurses and a purse or so. *That's O. K.* I'm always more than willing to help a fellow in distress. No, I don't mean that—wouldn't have you even think it.

But these dollars! It isn't just to deprive me of them just because you want to change your map. Every purely commercial instinct in me—and I'm chock full of 'em—vibrates at the thought.

I'm losing a little money and all on your account. This isn't square. It isn't reasonable. Think of it! I'm losing a few dollars and all on your account.

Sincerely yours,

UNCLE \$AM.

Remarks

At a Family Christmas Dinner-Party.

"HOW much he does look like his mother!"

"I'm afraid there's something the matter with you—why, you don't eat any more than a bird."

"Now, how much do you think that turkey weighs?"

"You don't expect me to eat all that!"

"Ha, ha! That's right, sonny."

"I'll take both pumpkin and mince."

"And to think Abbie made that dress herself! I can't get over it!"

Another Luxury

PAYTON: We hear a great deal lately about the high cost of living, and loving.

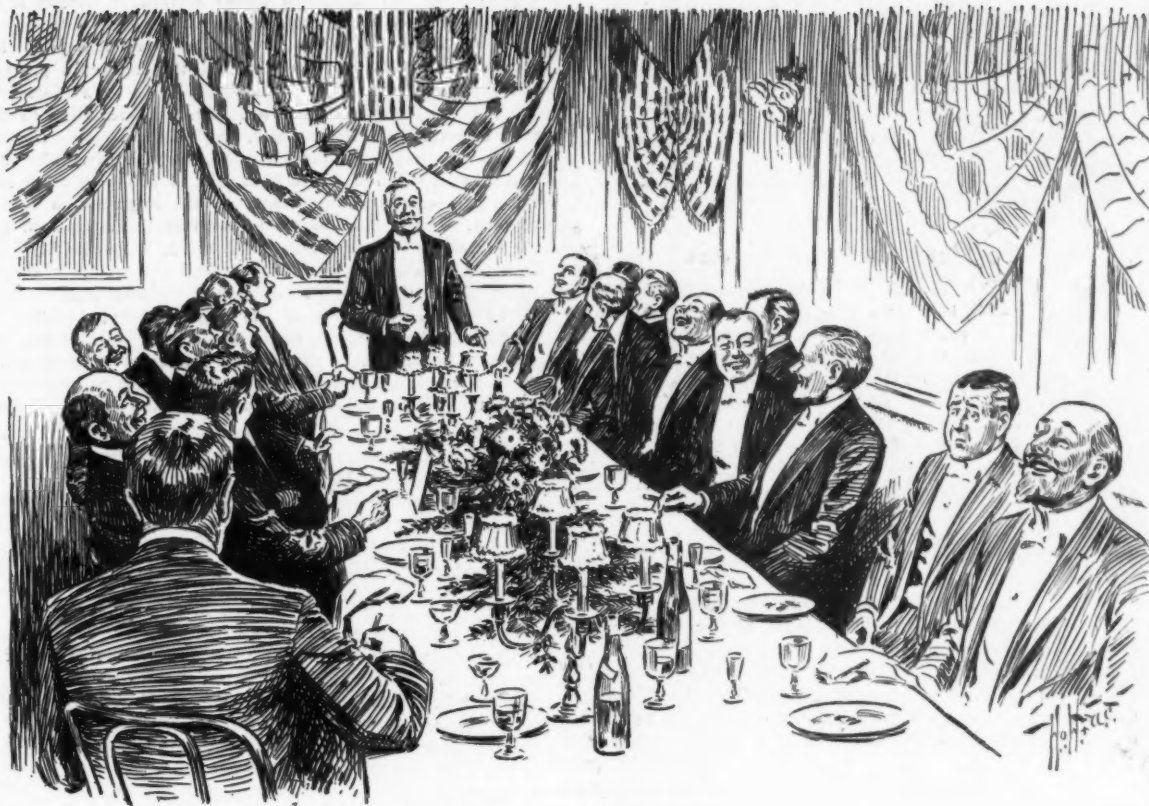
PARKER: Yes, and the high cost of loafing ought not to be sneezed at, either.

FIRST MAGNATE: I'll match you for railroads.

SECOND MAGNATE: Oh, let's match for something of value.



FOR SERVICES RENDERED



FIND THE NEXT SPEAKER

Europe's Limit



LET us not judge Europe too harshly. She has been trying to do too much. That's all. She has overestimated her capacity to support kings and emperors. Kings and emperors are very sybaritic possessions and Europe, although about equal in area to the United States, has been trying to support in comfort and amity some twenty to twenty-five of them. Kings require armies and other expensive corollaries, and armies require lots of money, and lots of money requires high taxes, and high taxes mean high cost of living, and high cost of living means hard work, and hard work means little chance for education, and little education means a large amount of superstition, and superstition means an overweening reverence for things at home and an overweening fear and hatred of things abroad, which, in turn, makes the people ready victims of the war spirit. This sequence of cause and effect is not exhaustive, but it is complete enough to be suggestive.

Suppose we, rich and intelligent as we think we are,

had endeavored to support twenty to twenty-five kings with as many different armies, to say nothing of diplomats and other species of royal hangers-on, in this country. That would be one king and one army for about every two States. One shudders at the very thought of it. We have had a hard enough time as it is, with States' rights, interstate rights and so on; but it is all mere tepidity beside the hot water we would have been in if, for instance, there had been danger of war every time what the Emperor of North Carolina said was not pleasing to the ear of the Emperor of South Carolina. The game of politics as we have played it would be insignificant beside the clash of two dozen imperial ambitions. What with the King of Ohio fearing the encroachment of Pan-Hoosierism, and Pennsylvania fearing invasion by the hordes from the Bowery, and California wanting a place in the sun, and Alabama wanting a place in the shade, and all that and much more, it would have been intolerable.

Europe has made a noble effort. To her belongs the record for crowding the largest number of first-class kingdoms and empires into a given continent, but, of course, she couldn't keep it up forever. Even Europe is not omnipotent.

Ellis O. Jones.



The Dearth Before Christmas



"DRIVEN," at the Empire, is exasperating, both as a play and in performance. In both particulars it has such excellencies and defects that one wishes, for purposes of easier classification, it might have been decidedly better or decidedly worse. The best thing about it as a play is that its good points are cumulative. It starts and runs through two acts in the duller shades of dull grey. Its heroine is the victim of a mysterious disease—so mysterious that the audience is never permitted to know what it is. In this particular "Driven" differs essentially from "Damaged Goods". Through those two acts every one speaks in dull tones and moves with dull, measured tread. All this is extremely realistic, as the scene is an English household with its head a member of Parliament, who takes his duties seriously, and its safety first provided for by a resident spinster sister of the husband. The customary serving of tea, without which no New Yorker would recognize a play as being really English, was the most startling incident of the two acts.



THE always indulgent audience which gathers for an Empire first night sat through the two acts in grim confidence that something must happen in the third. It did. The young wife of the member of Parliament went to a young man's bachelor apartment. The flippant critics of the humorous sheets, known as New York's daily press, are likely to have fun with the proceedings in that bachelor apartment. In fact, it had the nearest touch to human nature in the whole play.

The young man was propriety personified until the lady made it evident that she expected to be made love to, and was not disappointed. Then when a side issue was in line with her coquetry, she expressed a desire for supper. He produces rather an elaborate one, which raises her ire, because it indicates that he was expecting some one, although her coming was largely a matter of chance. The fact that there are four *pêches Melba* on the table rouses her suspicion that he had planned not for a rendezvous, but for a gay party, when all along she had believed that his whole occupation in life was loving her. More ire on the part of the lady.

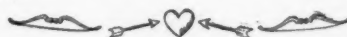


FINALLY he convinces her that she is the only woman in the world for him. This starts her on another tangent. She knows now that the gentleman has provided the chicken paté, the champagne and the peaches because he was sure she was coming. That certainly was an insult, and she flounces out. All this was entirely feminine and convincing, save the last, because she was hungry, and her woman's wit would have enabled her to achieve the same result and yet get some of

the tempting and untouched supper instead of leaving it to be warmed up for the deserted bachelor's breakfast.

What happens after has to do with a reconciliation with the bachelor, a near elopement and the husband's prevention of that catastrophe. Everything leads to a gloriously happy ending, climaxed by the husband's presentation to the wife of an alleged Peke puppy, typifying his recognition of his previous neglect to provide amusement for her. The final curtain goes down with the husband and wife embracing and the puppy occupying the center of the stage and a saucer of milk. It has been hinted before that the interest of the play was cumulative and progressive. Presumably the bachelor is simultaneously consuming the left-over supper provided for the lady who did not elope with him.

The exasperating part of the play is that its realism is carried to the point of dullness and that inexperience in dramatic handling robs the possible situations of their point. At moments it seems as though we were going to have something tangible, and then the situation, to use a colloquialism, "blows up".



THE company is entirely English, including Alexandra Carlisle, Haidee Wright, Messrs. Charles Bryant, Leslie Faber and Lumsden Hare. The performance of the rôles is in the main satisfactory. In ignorance of the disease from which *Diana Staffurth*, the heroine, was suffering, the audience found her symptoms, as evidenced by Alexandra Carlisle in make-up and other ways, rather confusing, but she was more successful in bringing out the erratic mental processes of a young woman who thinks she has only two years to live and wishes to get some fun out of them. Mr. Bryant as the M. P. husband was sufficiently stolid, and Mr. Faber was extremely discreet and self-contained in the ungrateful rôle of the bachelor. Haidee Wright has evidently made a microscopic study of British spinsterdom.

One laudable effort in the training of the company was apparently carried too far. Some one in charge, evidently familiar with the inability of most London actors to get



ASTRONOMICAL
A NEW STAR

London English across the footlights so it is understandable in American ears, apparently attempted to correct that fault in the present company. Accordingly, its members labored to speak distinctly with a resultant slowness of delivery that at moments almost made the action drag. However, the error is on the right side, particularly at a time when the war in Europe has driven so many English actors to the American stage. The paucity of new productions in the week before Christmas, almost the dulllest one in the theatrical year, gives "Driven" an importance rather out of proportion to its merits. It does not seem likely that it will long keep more valuable attractions off the Empire stage.



IT'S curious that the Lady Suffragists have not made an issue of the recent action of the Chicago authorities in ruling against the employment of girl ushers in theatres on the ground that in case of fire or other accident the girls would not be as well qualified to deal with the emergency as young men. This seems to be entirely a sex distinction. Experience shows that the girl ushers now employed in almost every theatre in New York have certainly better manners and evidently quite as much intelligence as the youths they displaced. If physical prowess is the needed qualification in such dangers as are likely to arise in the theatre, the Chicago authorities are quite right; if this action implies that the female sex is inferior in any other way, it is strange that the Lady Suffragists remain silent under such a humiliating charge.

Metcalfe.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—"The Miracle Man." Unusual and amusing comedy drama based on the conversion of a bunch of New York confidence workers who had every intention of exploiting the money-making possibilities in a rural faith-healer.

Belasco.—"The Phantom Rival." Drama adapted from the Hungarian to American surroundings. Well staged and sets forth in entertaining fashion the dream experiences of its heroine.

Booth.—"Experience." Allegory dealing with modern vices and temptations. Not strong in a literary way, but spectacular and interesting.

Candler.—"On Trial." Melodrama, well acted and with the plot unfolded in original and novel fashion. Well worth seeing.

Cohan's.—"It Pays to Advertise." The practical topic of advertising successfully used as material for a very laughable farcical comedy.

Comedy.—Marie Tempest in "The Marriage of Kitty", preceded by "The Dumb and the Blind". Notice later.

Cort.—"Under Cover." Interesting melodramatic comedy with smuggling for its theme and complicated with some of the underground practices of the Customs Service. Well played.

Eltinge.—"The Song of Songs." Dramatization of Sudermann novel by Mr. Edward Sheldon. Notice later.

Empire.—"Driven." by E. Temple Thurston, and acted by English company. See above.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Lilac Domino." Comic opera with bright music, reasonably clever book and better in a musical way than most of the entertainments of its class.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Law of the Land." Funny in its depiction of police methods of dealing with crime, but serious in its melodramatic plot.



"THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM"

Fulton.—"Twin Beds." A humorous dramatic tract with a moral for gentlemen of bibulous tendencies and consequent uncertain geography about the location of the flats in which they dwell.

Gaiety.—"Daddy Long-Legs." Agreeable and well-played little pathetic comedy based on the life history of a foundling girl.

Globe.—"Chin-Chin." Elaborate and vastly amusing musical extravaganza based on the old Aladdin story, and with Messrs. Montgomery and Stone as the stars.

Hippodrome.—"The Wars of the World." Not at all lurid, but big, brilliant and spectacular after the manner of the Hippodrome.

Hudson.—"Damaged Goods." The much-debated Brieux drama of disease. Not at all agreeable, but very enlightening for those who need that kind of enlightenment.

Knickerbocker.—"The D butante." Musical show, with Hazel Dawn. Very pleasant score by Victor Herbert, fairly good libretto by the brothers Smith, and in its entirety a pleasing entertainment.

Little.—"A Pair of Silk Stockings." Very light but diverting English farce, pleasantly played by very English company.

Longacre.—"So Much for So Much," by the author of "Kick In". The temptations and saving of a lovely stenographer set to an amusing accompaniment of up-to-the-minute slang.

Lyceum.—"Outcast," by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis, with Elsie Ferguson as the star. The best artistic accomplishment of the star and an interesting drama of bachelor life in London.

Lyric.—"The Only Girl," with score by Victor Herbert and the libretto a former comedy revived by Henry Blossom. Tuneful and funny.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Life." Big and extremely spectacular melodrama in the style of Drury Lane, but with all the scenes and characters American.

Marine Elliott's.—"The Hawk," with Mr. Faversham and Mlle. Dorziat. Good rendering of a French society drama of intrigue, built on an early model, but interesting.

New York.—"The old story of "Damon and Pythias" in moving pictures. Elaborately filmed with big cast and striking scenes.

Playhouse.—Lydia Lopokova in "Just Herself", by Ethel Watts Mumford. Notice later.

Princess.—A dramatic table d'h te in four varied courses, prepared under the expert direction of Mr. Holbrook Blinn. With the exception of one humorous playlet by Mr. George Ade, the bill is sombre but interesting in its variety.

Republic.—"Kick In," by the author of "So Much for So Much". Extremely amusing and ingeniously contrived drama of the world of crooks.

Shubert.—Musical play entitled "To-night's the Night." Notice later.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Belgian war pictures.

Winter Garden.—"Dancing Around," with Al Jolson as the star. Lively effort to rouse the t. b. m. from his torpor, the means employed being a large and elaborate concentration on the firing-line of chorus girls, comedians, dancing, costumes and ragtime.



HEROIC STATUE

To the first American husband with enough courage to say: "Devil take our position in society; I'm for fewer luxuries, less worry for father, and a little money saved each year."

Catching Up

THE war was being discussed from all angles at the regular Saturday night meeting of the Gin and Possum Colored Gentlemen's Social Club.

"Yas, suh!" announced Pomp Dawson, with a wise look in his rolling eyes. "Dem Guhmans has got guns dat'll shoot, an' shoot tuh kill at twenty-fi' miles."

"Huh?" asked Brother Jackson, cocking his head.

"Yas, suh!" went on Pomp. "Dey not on'y shoot twenty-fi' miles, but dey *kill* at twenty-fi' miles."

"Great Lawd!" gasped Jackson. "Nigger'd run all day an' git killed 'bout suppertime, wouldn't he?"

Germany and Her Two Spectres

CAN'T the Russian spectre be somehow laid for Germany? She believes, and has believed for generations, that in due time the Russian bear is coming out of the woods to eat her up. She seems to feel that any nation that can, will take what is hers the first chance, and that the only safety for her is to keep in training and go armed to the eyebrows. But the only nation she sees in Europe growing bigger than she is is Russia, and so she fears Russia. There is much in her history to justify such feelings, but in crediting all nations with the same designs on her that she has on them, she may be out of calculation. Germans in their business relations seem to be average honest, but Germany in her national or governmental policy is a highwayman. She tries to act out Mark Twain's commandment: "Do unto others what you think they are going to do unto you, and do it first."

There is no safety or peace for anybody, man or nation, who shapes his course by that commandment. No doubt the reason why Germany is so afraid of Russia is that she expects from Russia the sort of rapacious assault that she would make on Russia if she were Russia and Russia Germany. She does not see that it is not in Russia to behave like Germany. She does not see that it is not in any other modern nation to behave like Germany. She does not understand any people but Germans. She sees two black spectres, Russia and England, and behold, in her hate and dread of them, instead of letting them stand one another off, she has managed to bring them both down on her at once.

It is true that nations have not been much used to respect the eighth commandment, but it is also true that history is full of wars resulting, like this present one, from disregard of it. Germany cannot plead history in justification of her robber inclinations. Times have changed. War is incalculably more fatal and destructive than it ever was before. On any large scale it is played out, and that means that among the nations the profession of robber is becoming obsolete, and that any nation that



FOILED

L'enfant terrible: GOSH! THEY'VE TURNED DOWN THE LIGHT!



WINTER SPORTS IN NEW YORK

attempts to follow it is going to be chased by the entire police of the world.

Germany must give up her robber Rhine-baron ideal. She must learn to be an honest nation and help to keep the other nations honest and get in with them to form a confederation strong enough to keep in check all unruly and predatory ambitions. Then she need not be afraid of any bear coming out of the woods, or any sea-monster coming out of the sea, to destroy her. Both from her and for her the world must be made safe.

E. S. Martin.

Who Wants Opinions?

A NEW periodical has recently been started, with a great flourish of literary trumpets, with the declared object of bringing a sufficient enlightenment to the affairs of the nation. It is solemnly announced as a "journal of opinion", and has among its list of contributors the names of some of the most distinguished writers in this country and England.

But why should we want any more opinions added to those we already have? Consider

the vast crop of opinions that bloom with every rising and falls to seed with every setting sun. And can it be said that one opinion, no matter from what well-reputed mind it may fall, is any better than any other? Who cares now for the opinions of Dr. Cook or Theodore Roosevelt—both of them excellent men in their time?

"Many people," declares our new friend, in its announcement, "believe that if such a journal is to be popular, it must first of all be entertaining."

Yet this is not necessarily so. There are a large number of fools in America who have time on their hands. They will flock to see anything, no matter how dull or nasty, if it be sufficiently heralded and advertised, and if it be lucky enough to have caught a certain reputation for being the "thing" to see—as, for instance, the lectures of Bergson or the sex-plays of Brieux.

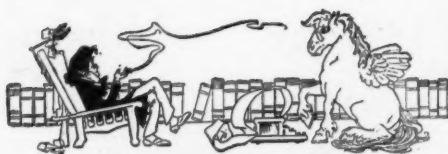
And so, if a journal can, by some fluke of fortune, acquire a reputation for being an "organ of thought" or an exponent of some sort of "idealism" of which nobody knows the meaning, it may reap a rich reward.

But is a journal of opinion "appealing" enough, as the book reviewers would say? We fear not.

What our friend should do is first to establish a cult. Any good, reliable cult that is ready to sit up nights and is young and ambitious and reckless enough will do. Then start your paper.



AMONG THE MISSING



The Latest Books

JAMES STEPHENS'S story, "The Demi-Gods" (Macmillan, \$1.30), in which the wayside adventures and campfire confidences of a group of Irish tramps and a quartet of slumming angels are delightfully recorded, should by no means be missed by imaginative readers. Stephens is the latest flare-up of Irish genius. He is what the astronomers call a *nova*—a sudden star, new hung in the heavens. He may flash in the pan. Or dwindle to a permanent pin-point. Or swell to first magnitude. None knows. But for the moment he is magnificent. He wrote "The Crock of Gold," a thing *sui generis* and delectable. He flung out "The Three-Penny Piece"—a miniature masterpiece. "The Demi-Gods" is at once a sequel and a setting to the latter—a blend of brogue, beauty, bog-fir and blasphemy.

HULBURT FOOTNER, the author of a rather popular adventure tale of the Canadian wilderness, called "Two on a Trail", has just published another novel, "The Sealed Valley" (Doubleday, Page; \$1.25), which, because of its genuine if somewhat obvious flare for pure romance, and of its incongruously dragged-in sense of social responsibility, is likely to delight the same audience and to try the patience of the same class of readers. "The Sealed Valley" is the story of a young doctor, newly settled near the edge of Athabasca, who follows an Indian maiden of Cooperish (Fenimore, not Siegel) splendor on an errand of mercy into a whirlwind of physical adventure and amatory emotion; and who, in the end, is handed over to a pale understudy heroine by his dusky lady-love with a wise lecture on the incompatibility of mixed marriages and civilization. Mr. Footner is a spellbinder of sorts. His Indian princess is an irrefutable logician. But why use a romantic sledge-hammer to drive a didactic tack?

VANCE THOMPSON proves himself a more delicate didactician in "The Ego Book" (Dutton, \$1.00), a little volume in which, with imaginative aptness and a play of humor that masks without marring the firm outlines of his underlying seriousness, the author recon-



"TWELVE O'CLOCK AND ALL'S WELL!"

ciles the philosophy of "enlightened selfishness" with the tenets of current psychology and the promptings of modern individualism. Not so long ago "The Ego and Its Own" won for itself a respected place on the shelves of the wise. Mr. Thompson's little book deals with the same theme for the benefit of those whose intellectual motto is "push—don't shove".

EXCITEMENT is the last dividend to expect from a reading of Ethel Sidgwick's "A Lady of Leisure" (Small, Maynard; \$1.35). Yet discriminating investors will derive from their outlay of time and money a thoroughly adequate return in their enjoyment of this writer's deftness and delicacy, both of perception and of treatment. The book deals with a young English girl's handling of a worldly mother; of a loving but harassed physician, her father; of a coterie of variously helpful and meddling friends and acquaintances of varying social status; and of her own love affair. And just as the heroine handles her little world by the elfin dynamic of her own elusive personality, so the author, by a lace-like indirection of approach, arrives at a delightful clarity of interpretation.

"THE AUTHOR'S CRAFT" (Doran, 75 cents) is the latest of those little handbooks upon the methods and the meaning of life as he so intently lives it, that Arnold Bennett has published in recent years. Critical opinion differs

widely as to Bennett's standing as novelist and as artist. But no one has ever denied that he was, in the most specific sense of the American idiom, a live wire. Here, in his chapters on "Seeing Life", on "Writing Novels", on "Writing Plays" and on "Artist and Public", he is at once so clear in his own conceptions and so clarifying in his presentation of them, that consumers as well as producers of fiction will find pleasure in reading them.

MANY readers are likely to remember S. G. Tallentyre's admirable group-portraits from the past, "The Life of Voltaire" and "The Life of Mirabeau". And they will readily understand that in her first novel, "Mathew Hargrave" (Putnam, \$1.35), she has typically tried to place before us the spirit of a period as well as the picture of individual characters. *Hargrave* is a middle-class Englishman of mid-Victorian times. His problems are our own, but his meeting of them is no longer ours. The novel is a timely contrast and an interesting, although placid, commentary on the life and the fiction familiar to us.

J. B. Kerfoot.

"Home, Sweet Home!"

ONE talking-machine plus one mechanical piano-player plus four Navajo Indian blanket-rugs plus a portrait of Whistler's mother plus two beer-steins equals one refined American home.



"ISN'T HE JUST LOVELY?"

"They Say"

(Recent Opinions, Epigrammatic or Otherwise, by Some of Our Wise and Near-Wise Men and Women)



IT is Belgium's own doing that has placed her in her present plight.—*Dr. Dernburg.*

Most persons believe that if a girl is rated at six dollars a week she earns at least three hundred dollars a year. But this is seldom the case. Such persons forget that ever-present factor of irregular work. This winter the problem of unemployment, of the man without a job, is becoming well known to Americans, but the problem as it affects woman workers every month of the year is less familiar. Not only do these women often lose their jobs entirely because of slack work, but also they must frequently work short time, only five or six hours a day, or three or four days a week, in the dull season.—

Mrs. Irene Osgood Andrews, Assistant Secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation.

They tell us that Christianity has failed, but we can't say that, as it has never been tried.—*Right Rev. David H. Greer, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York.*

I know that we are short of scout cruisers, having only three. A proper number of scout cruisers is essential to the efficiency of the fleet. We are insufficiently supplied with aeroplanes and hydroplanes, which are so essential to modern warfare. We have a large number of submarines—not enough in proportion to our fleet—but it is stated that many of those of early types are not up to recent standards. It is said that we have only one torpedo to each torpedo tube. I should be glad to know whether this is true or false.

—*Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts.*

Well, we started to have a navy, but we haven't got it. Each commander in the navy, out of pride, praises his own ship, but says that most of the rest are junk.

—*Congressman A. P. Gardner.*

I think Senator Lodge ought to read the bureau reports, which are always open to the public. I will be more than glad to furnish Senator Lodge this information if he has not seen it in the current reports. We have been making progress, and the navy is in fine shape.

—*Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy.*

The world must learn that none can hurt a hair of the head of a German subject with impunity.

—*Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg.*

We have acted like children. We have had so much money available through taxation that we have not been obliged to consult the revenue side of the ledger. Now...

we are coming to the point where we must consult it. We must pursue the policy that other governments have found absolutely necessary in order to keep out of bankruptcy.

—*Ex-President William H. Taft.*

Here I watch penniless, homeless Belgians fleeing from their naked land. In your land of plenty there are millions who would give if they knew.—*Sir Gilbert Parker, the English novelist, in a cablegram to Cardinal Gibbons.*

I want it made plain that in dealing with gunmen actively plying their trade, it is right for the police to use their clubs, but that the use of clubs on law-abiding citizens will not be tolerated.—*Mayor Mitchel.*

We want a more intellectual atmosphere among the students as an immediate essential for making Yale what it should be.—*President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale.*

In this war time, staggered by horrors of which I dare not write in this letter, some of us perhaps are tempted to despair of human nature and to doubt the ruling of a just Providence. And then out of this blackness, this stifling miasma of wickedness and sorrow unutterable, the great deeds, the deeds of courage, of glory, the white nobility of men and women, rising like streams of light, flow toward heaven.—*Robert Hichens, from Belgium.*

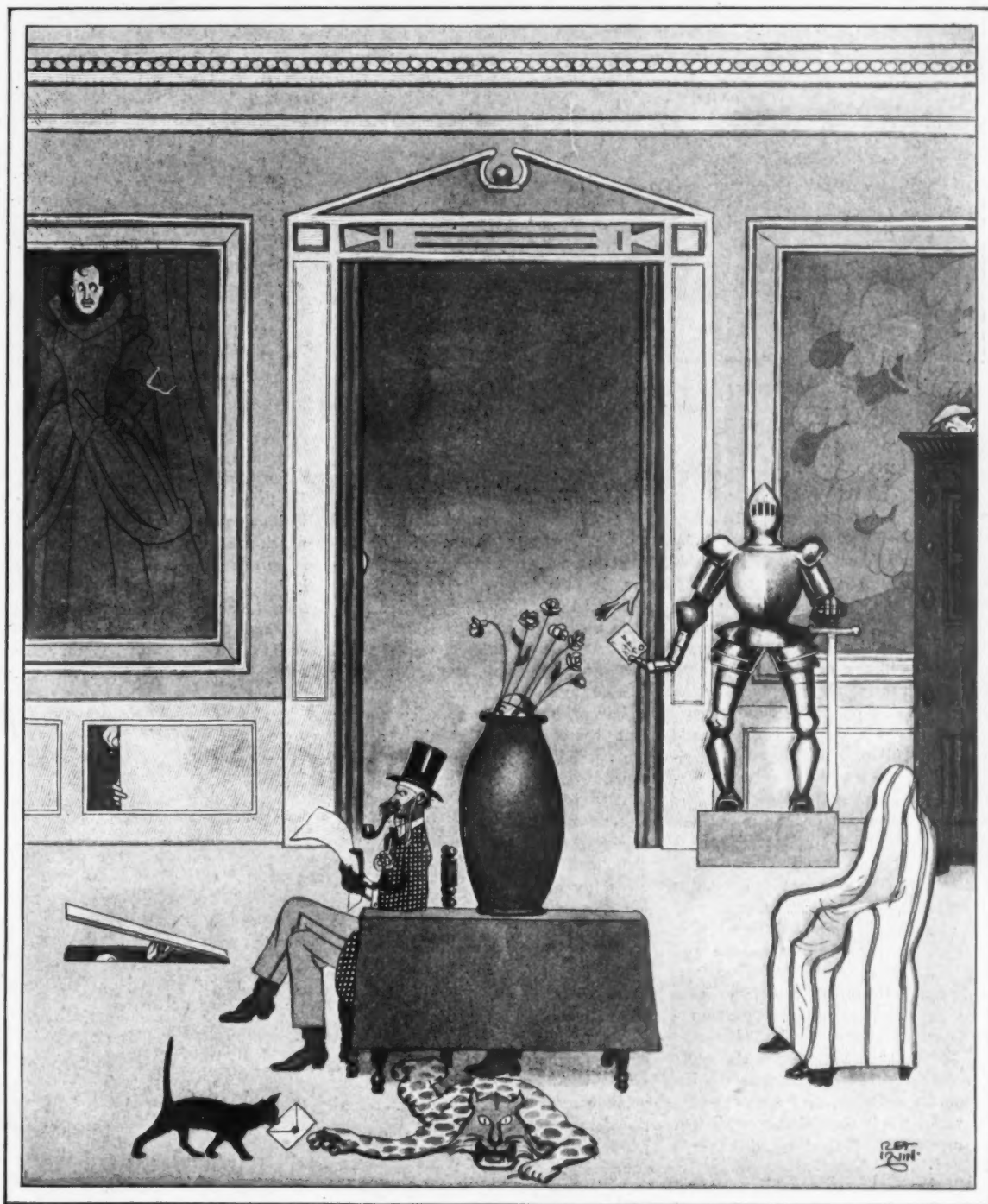
Our nation stands for peace, and it seems to me outrageous that we should be running our powder factories and our gun works night and day to furnish means for carrying on the present war.

—*Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska.*

Charity is religious hypocrisy in its worst form.—*Meyer London, New Socialist Congressman from New York.*



"WATCHFUL WAITING"



CLUBS WE DO NOT CARE TO JOIN
THE SHERLOCK HOLMES CLUB



AT LAST!

Justice Triumphs

ANYONE having the notion that justice in this country is either dead or sleeping will be reassured by the verdict against Henry Siegel, wild-cat banker and department-store magnate. Fifteen thousand thrifty people deposited their hard-earned savings with him to the extent of two and one-half millions of dollars, only to have it nearly all swept away in Siegel's losing enterprises.

But the stern, inexorable Law made right after him. "Ha! my good fellow, you shall suffer for this," declared the sagacious and perspicacious Law. Whereupon the Law found him guilty, fined him in the tremendous sum of one thousand dollars, and sentenced him to serve ten months (not years) in jail. The fine he will have to pay, but the jail sentence is postponed. Now he can go out and apply his well-known inefficient and underhand methods to obtain from trusting Peters enough money to reimburse the impoverished Pauls.

The fine averages about six cents for each depositor, while the suffering from the sentence, if he ever serves it, will be less than that experienced by any one of the depositors through loss of his life's savings.

Where is there a more beautiful sight than Justice when it is in good working order?

E. O. J.

Editors and Correspondents

THE *World* published recently the protest of an "old-fashioned mother", who, commenting upon the fact that a letter addressed to the editor had been shortened, decidedly demurred "at the liberty of cutting such a communication and leaving out the best part of it". In reply to this the *World* declares that editors are fallible and often exercise mistaken judgment, and then goes on to say that correspondents should "avert" the mutilation by making their letters short.

That is undoubtedly good advice. But as to the merits of the case, we believe the "old-fashioned mother" is right and the *World* is wrong and owes her an apology for cutting her letter.

An authenticated correspondent who writes a letter to an editor in good faith should have his letter published as he writes it, and not as the editor thinks it ought to be. It is true that, from a strictly legal standpoint, an editor is responsible for what he prints, but in common practice editors print constantly letters from correspondents not in agreement with the editor, who is by no means responsible for their views.

An editor has no right to shorten or (except in cases of orthography or typography) to alter the text of a correspondent's letter without the pre-



BRIDGE WHIST TERMS

A CROSS RUFF



"AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN"



"SAY, MISTER, WON'T YOU PLEASE LOOK AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY BIRDS' NESTS UP THERE?"

A Splendid Scheme

THE verdict in the Siegel case contains an idea which might well be applied generally. After an exhausting exposure of questionable dealings which resulted in sweeping away the savings of fifteen thousand depositors, the court decided that Siegel's imprisonment should be postponed in the hope that he could reimburse the victims.

Why confine this excellent idea to department-store magnates? Why shouldn't it be just as good for burglars? Burglars make pretty big hauls sometimes and entirely dispose of their loot before they are captured. If, in such cases, they were allowed a little freedom of action, they could very likely secure the wherewithal to reimburse their victims in whole or in part. By some such arrangement householders would gain a modicum, at least, of relief without unduly interfering with the art of burglary. Other advantages are equally as obvious.

One of 'Em

HE was the picture of gloom. I approached him gingerly.

"What's the matter?" I asked, with a forced gaiety.

With this he shook his fist in my face. Then he tore my coat off my back and went through my pockets. Then he said a few brutal things and sat down. I let him.

"I feel better now," he said, still gloomily. "It isn't the real thing—what I have done to you—but it helps. I haven't browbeaten, blackguarded or insulted anyone for so long now that I am about wild."

"Why don't you get a job?" I asked. "You would do pretty well as a street-car conductor or a ticket agent or a Colorado mine guard."

"Nothing doing!" he remarked. "It's the war that's knocked me out—and me in line of promotion, too!"

"May I ask," I said sympathetically, for it was evident the man was suffering, "just what your line is?"

"Certainly. I was a Customs House Inspector."



His One Wish

Brown is a melancholy soul. Rumor hath it that once he was crossed in love. At any rate, he is usually pessimistic about things in general, and always particular as to what he eats.

The other day he went into a restaurant, and having scanned the luncheon menu, said to the waiter:

"I see you have some calves' hearts."

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," agreed the waiter, busily flicking crumbs from the tablecloth.

"Well, how about it?" continued Brown. "Are they tender?"

"Yes, sir," declared the waiter. "Beautifully tender."

"Then bring me some," he said. "If there is in the world such a thing as a tender heart, I want it."

—New York Call.



THE ENEMY'S RIGHT WING ATTACKED
OUR REAR

Didn't Matter; It Was Still a Game

It was during a golf game in Scotland. The first player who drove off was very bow-legged. The second player, unmindful that his opponent was directly in front of him, struck the ball and it whizzed between his opponent's legs.

"Hoot, mon," said the bow-legged one in anger, "that's nae golf!"

"Aweel," said his opponent complacently, "ef 'tis nae golf 'tis gude croquet."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

SOME men at the club were telling dog stories after a day's shooting. After some time, when the tales had got very "tall", one little man, who had been quite silent, said:

"I have a dog that makes all yours seem fools. I generally feed him myself after dinner, but the other day a friend dropped in and the poor animal slipped my mind. After the meal we went into the garden. The dog scratched up a flower and laid it at my feet, with the most yearning look in his eyes—it was a forget-me-not."

Nobody told any more dog stories that evening.—*Tit-Bits*.

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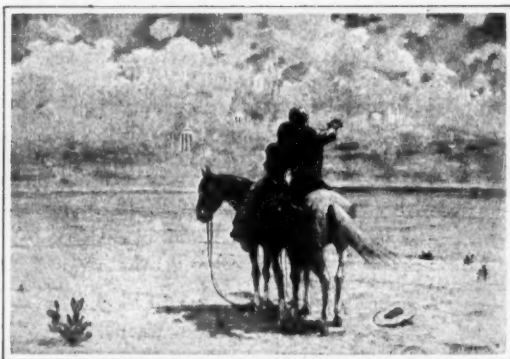
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WHERE LOVE IS

(By Angus MacDonall)

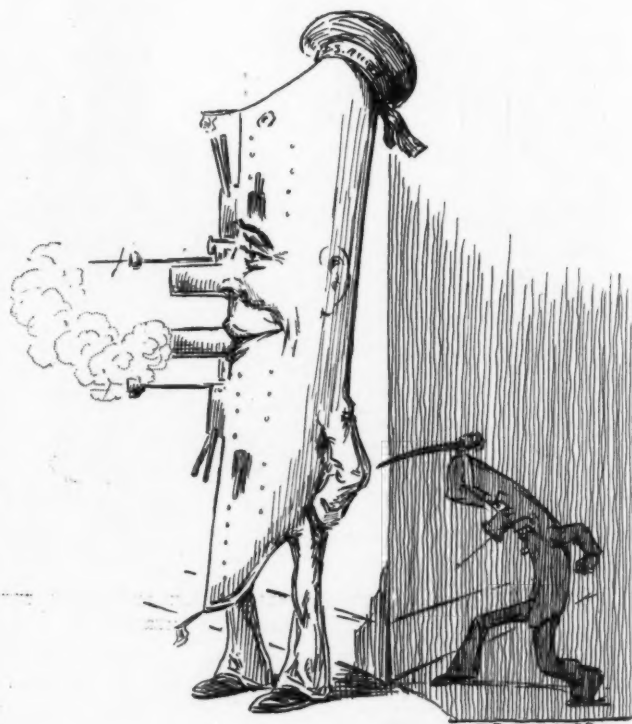
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THE SUBMARINE



On Life's Wire

"HELLO, LIFE?"
"Yes."

"This is Oscar Underwood speaking."

"Greetings. You are a great man, Senator. You are the right man in the right place, and what's more, you come from the right place."

"You mean Alabama, LIFE?"

"What else could we mean? We realize how good it is of you to trudge your patient way up to Washington in order that Alabama's light may not be hid under the proverbial bushel and that her example may not perish from the earth."

"I'm not sure that I understand you, LIFE."

"Oh, Senator, you are too modest. But we don't mind explaining. We look at it this way: A man should not enter national public life until he has made a success of local political activities. No man, in fairness to himself and his constituents, should aspire to clean up the nation until after he

has used the broom and dust-pan vigorously upon his own bailiwick."

"And you are right about it, LIFE. That is the principle I have always gone upon."

"We know it, Senator. Nothing better proves that than the facts. Alabama could not have reached her high state of twentieth—we are sorely tempted to say twenty-first—century excellence unless it had had within its borders big, broad, capable men who saw their duty and did it."

"Quite right, LIFE. When ruby-lipped Aurora streaks the East with ruddy light and plants upon the alabaster brow of—"

"That's the point, Senator. Enough classical allusiveness to prove that one is thoroughly conversant with the constitution and by-laws of Mount Olympus, and then, in addition to that, an intimate working knowledge of modern policies and problems, industrial, sociological and humanitarian."

"Oh, LIFE, if I had only had you to help me I could have made Alabama to blossom in a much shorter time, but, though it took me a little longer, I feel we have every reason to be satisfied with the result."

"Indeed you have, Senator Underwood. No doubt of it. We are unable to look even in Alabama's general direction without putting on our smoked glasses. From this moment on she is our mentor, our arbiter, our cynosure, our pilot, our guiding star, our tutelary genius. If we can bring up the rank and file of States in this union to but a moiety of the proud eminence which is Alabama's we can postpone all lesser millennia. Now is it clear, Senator?"

"Quite so, LIFE. Good-bye."

"Before you ring off, Senator, let's give three rousing cheers for Alabama. First in illiteracy, first in child labor and first in the hearts of its disfranchised population."



"DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE A COLLEGE GRADUATE! WHY, THIS LETTER OF YOURS HASN'T A SINGLE MISPELLED WORD IN IT!"

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

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Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.

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Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
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Work the cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin

Oily Skin and Shiny Nose

How to correct them

That bug-bear of so many women—an oily skin and shiny nose—has various contributory causes.

Whatever the cause in your case, proper external treatment will relieve your skin of this embarrassing condition.

Begin this treatment tonight

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a decided improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. Tear off the illustration of the cake shown below and put it in your purse as a reminder to get Woodbury's today and try this treatment.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for samples



For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jorgens Co., Dept. 6-L, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

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Should you not enjoy a cheerful, friendly letter each day or each week,—letters not requiring answers? Rates given on request. Virginia Lee Hamilton, Box 2288, Boston, Mass.

WHAT those will escape who have gone before and who will come after:

The biggest war in history.

Bernard Shaw.

The political obituaries of Theodore Roosevelt.

The birth of the Twilight Sleep.

Editorials.

The Pankhursts.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Canned

Mrs. Fletcher went up to the city one morning to do some shopping. She was looking for some house furnishings, and went to a large department store.

Walking up to a tall, blond floor-walker, who was walking slowly down the aisle in a languid and elegant manner, she said:

"Will you please tell me where I can see the candelabra?"

"All canned goods two counters to the right," replied the official guide, briefly.—*Harper's Magazine*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"By the way," said Mrs. De Style. "Yes?"

"Do you know of any poor persons who would care for a discarded lorgnette?"—*Boston Transcript*.



"WHY DON'T YOU CHISEL YOUR NOVEL IN SANDSTONE OR SOMETHING SOFTER THAN GRANITE?"
"WELL, THEY SAY HARD WRITING MAKES EASY READING."

The War Week by Week

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Also in "Week-End" tins of 100 each

Stephens Bros.

Possibly It's Old, But—Here Goes!

My auto 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty—of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you quite refuse to go, or won't or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride; a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy nice white tires so new, but now you're down and out for true, in every way. To thee, old rattle-box, came many bumps and knocks; for then I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze while good folks choke and sneeze, as we pass by. I paid for thee a price 'twould buy a mansion twice, now everybody's yelling "ice"—I wonder why? Thy motor has the pip, even the skid chains slip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bankroll now. No more 'twould choke a cow, as once before. Yet if I had the mon, so help me John—amen, I'd buy myself a car again, and speed some more.

—*Marysville (Ky.) Messenger*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cents the case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

The Yoke

George Ade, from the spacious windows of his club, nodded towards a thin, meek man, who, carrying half a dozen packages, walked beside a large woman of haughty aspect.

"Alas, poor Smith!" said Mr. Ade. "I knew him when his wit was wont to set the table in a roar. And now—look at him now!"

Mr. Ade shook his head sadly as the somewhat cowed, crushed figure of Mr. Smith vanished. Then he said:

"All men are born free and equal, but the majority of them marry at the age of twenty-five or so."—*London Opinion*.

Its Drawbacks

An American who spends much of his time in London tells of an auctioneer there who, in addition to a fine personal appearance and splendid elocutionary talents, possessed considerable culture and knowledge of human nature.

At a book sale this gentleman would read with exquisite taste passages from the books he was selling, with brief biographies and criticisms of their authors, reciting hexameters from Greek and Roman classics, and rendering passages from humorous writers with a tone and air so ludicrous as to set the room in a roar of laughter. Thus he often won higher prices for books than those got at the shops.

An amusing example of his cleverness in extolling an estate is the language with which he once closed a highly colored description of the property he was selling. For a few moments he paused, and then said:

"And now, gentlemen, having given a truthful description of this magnificent estate, candor compels me to admit that it has two drawbacks—the litter of the rose-leaves and the noise of the nightingales."—*Harper's Magazine*.

THE IDEAL WINTER RESORT
Climate Mild but not Enervating **BERMUDA**
PRINCESS HOTEL
IS NOW OPEN

Best location and equipment on the island. Modern service throughout. Grill room, tiled swimming pool, our own fleet of yachts, superb drives, saddle riding, golf, tennis, sea bathing. 48 hours from New York.
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Cortez CIGARS
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POKER HAND
FOUR JACKS AND A DIAMOND

Rhymed Reviews

The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman

(By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Co.)

FAIR Ellen knew no better than
To marry Isaac, wholesale baker,
A sharp-nosed, grasping, self-made man
Who greatly revered his Maker.

But though for Ellen's maiden hand
He'd been a snivelling aspirant,
He soon assumed his normal stand
Of all-possessive household tyrant.

He wouldn't let her make the friends
Or read the books she had a wish to,
And all her thoughts on Modern
Trends

He roughly answered "tush" and
"pish" to.

He shut her up!—yet all in vain
He strove to crush a soul new-risen.
She suffragetted, smashed a pane
And gladly spent a month in prison.

Sir Isaac—well, that settled him!—
He gave her freedom, cash and kisses,
And built (he said to please her whim)
A chain of Homes for Working
Misses.

Resolved to run those "Hostels" right,
She sought advice of Mr. Brumley,
A widowed writer, most polite,
Who worshipped her—not always
dumbly.

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dining salons and suites
specially arranged for
public or private
functions.

John McE. Bowman
Vice-Pres.

Sir Isaac died, but left a Will:
(The kind he'd make 'twas safe to
bet on!)
Should Ellen wed, she might not
still
Control those Homes her heart was
set on.

So, notwithstanding Brumley's rage,
She said him "nay!" and near dis-
missed him;
Yet,—last thing on the final page,—
To soothe his woe she kindly kissed
him.

And that is all the author tells,
Which may be just his way of teas-
ing.
But this time Mr. H. G. Wells
Has made his lady wholly pleas-
ing.

Arthur Guiterman.

Be happy in using *moderately* the good things
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WILSON, a wonderfully mild, mellow Whis-
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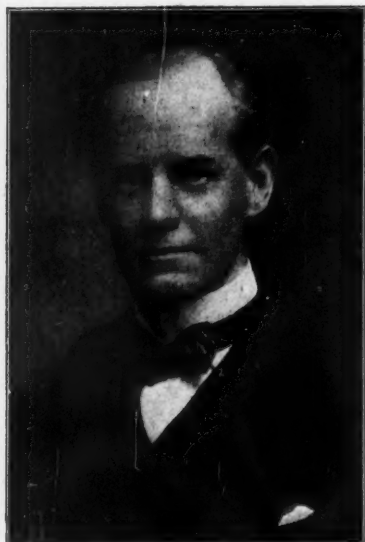
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THE QUESTION

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Richard Harding Davis describes the shelling and destruction of the Rheims Cathedral.

A graphic and impressive account of "The Taking of Antwerp," by E. Alexander Powell.

Madame Waddington gives a picture of rural France "In War Time."

A story for the times: "Coals of Fire," by Mary R. S. Andrews, author of "The Perfect Tribute." This is a story with a most original idea, of the work that Aileen O'Hara

began in a great war, in the cause of humanity and to further the cause of women. It grips your heart and stirs the emotions irresistibly.

Olive Tilford Dargan, one of the most distinguished of contemporary poets, contributes a long poem about "This War." It is inspired by high feeling and imagination and expresses with great dignity the significance and thought of the present world-conflict.

"Kipling's Children," four full-page paintings by Jessie Willcox Smith, reproduced in colors.

Other Articles, Stories, Poems, etc.



THE MAN HIGHER UP

Court-room Bombs

THIS putting of bombs around in the court-rooms is very unfavorably regarded by the public of this city. They would be glad to know who is doing it. The *World*, for one, has offered one thousand dollars for information.

If we were deeply interested to discover the bomb-dropper we should go around to wayward Brother Leonard D. Abbott, at the Ferrer School, and solicit suggestions from him.

He may not know, but newspaper readers may have noticed that immediately after any of the more turbulent uplifters have contrived a conspicuous activity there is apt to be a record of Brother Abbott seen running toward the center of disturbance with a bouquet for the first person arrested. It is not known that Brother Abbott favors bombs for churches and court-rooms, but he seems to be systematically sympathetic with occurrences of an unexpected and tumultuous character.

That Brother Max Eastman should have useful suppositions about court-room bomb-droppers seems less likely. Precisely what degrees of radical activity these radical-minded fellow citizens approve is all matter of speculation. Whether their minds are regular so that their intentions can be calculated or all erratic and individual is as difficult for an ordinary American to figure out as what a German may be expected to do in Belgium. What these citizens want is large and vague. What degree of inexpediency they will tolerate in an activity aimed to forward the attainment of the large, vague something that their hopes predict is beyond guessing. Only when one sees Brother Leonard Abbott, of the Ferrer School, running with a bouquet of flowers, one buys the next edition of the newspaper to see what went off.

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(See the culprit)

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Time to Cast Off
(Why sea-captains go mad)

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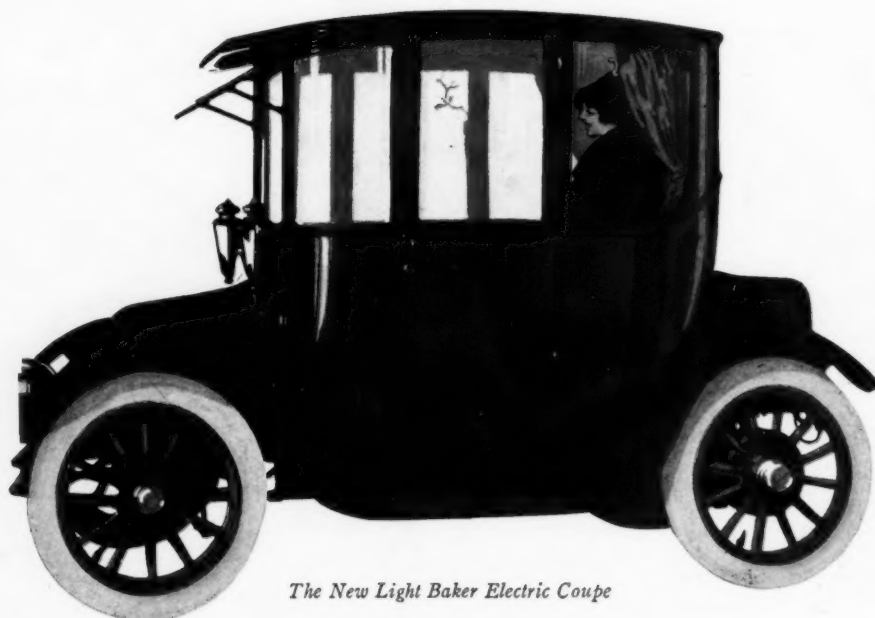


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And all who heard it made enlargements, too".)

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